

ONCE MORE WORLD'S GRANARY

Turkish Government Indulges in Ambitious Schemes for Development of Mesopotamia.

In spite of its external troubles, the Turkish government is engaged in advancing the big schemes for the development of Mesopotamia, which, when completed, will result in the transformation of an arid desert region as extensive as the Nile valley into smiling cornfields.

The sum involved in the huge irrigation works which will be necessary to accomplish this transformation is put at some \$150,000,000, and the immediate concern of the Turkish authorities is to place a contract for the initial stage of the schemes, which provides for irrigation works in connection with the barrage which controls the flood water of the River Euphrates, at present under construction.

ALMOST FRANTIC WITH ITCHING ECZEMA

"Eight years ago I got eczema all over my hands. My fingers fairly bled and itched until it almost drove me frantic. The eruption began with itching under the skin. It spread fast from between the fingers around the nails and all over the whole hands. I got a pair of rubber gloves in order to wash dishes. Then it spread all over the left side of my chest. A fine doctor treated the trouble two weeks, but did me no good. I cried night and day. Then I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment but without much hope as I had gone so long. There was a marked change the second day, and so on until I was entirely cured. The Cuticura Soap we have always kept in our home, and we decided after that lesson that it is a cheap soap in price and the very best in quality. My husband will use no other soap in his shaving mug." (Signed) Mrs. G. A. Selby, Redonda Beach, Cal., Jan. 15, 1911.

Too Much Repetition. "In America," says a contemporary, "we need more things. Be it ever so homely, Smith's pond, if the original name is better than Fairy Glen lake, or any other fanciful appellation. The difficulty is, there may be a dozen Smith's ponds or Smith-villes in the same state. Even a good name may be used too often. For instance, there are said to be ten Lincoln streets and avenues in the newly amalgamated city of Pittsburgh. It is the confusing repetition of names, quite as much as the lack of invention shown in bestowing them, that often causes dissatisfaction with familiar names."

Ancient Mexico. We know nothing of Mexico, of course, prior to the year 1517, when it was discovered by Fernando Cortes. The history of the City of Mexico, as preserved in the native annals, goes back to the year 1325, when it was founded by the Aztecs, the master race of the country at the time of the coming of the Spaniards. Of the "civilization," so-called, that existed prior to the Spanish conquest, it can be authoritatively asserted that it was simply the "higher type of barbarism" and in no sense civilization as we understand the term at the present time. While considerably removed from savagery, the social state of the Aztecs was characterized by much that was crude and cruel and was far inferior to the social conditions found in contemporary Europe. A very good account of the old Mexican civilization is found in Fluke's "Discovery of America."

The One Thing That Matters. When you come down to the very bedrock of affairs nothing matters to a nation excepting the health and number of its babies.

Quite Too Much for Used Words. The value of advertising was pointed out to a man with a budding business, and he agreed to give a writer \$50 for a full page. The copy was submitted and the merchant looked it over coldly. "Fifty dollars is too much," he commented. "You've used a lot of words I've seen before."

Coal Used to Drive Ocean Ships. Estimates place the coal consumed on the oceans of the world at approximately 75,000,000 tons per annum, valued at over \$250,000,000.

Explained. Dick—"What part of the family tree am I, muzz?" Mother—"I guess you are one of the limbs, Dick." Dick—"Do you suppose that's what dad meant that morning when he said that I ought to be trimmed about every so often?"—Judge.

Surplus Crop. Howes—"Here it is that Wildboy's sons all walk in the straight and narrow." Crewes—"Owd they feel that their father sowed wild oats enough for the whole family."—Judge.



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

SYNOPSIS. The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The scene is to be read, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Cromwell, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Hazard, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Yancy, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy, Ne-haniel Ferris, the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony. Yancy explains before Squire Blount, gives him the Barony, and secures the boy. Yancy appears before Squire Blount, and is discharged with costs for the Barony, and an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces him to attend to his duties. Yancy disappears, with Murrell on their trail. Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price. The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Yancy is apparently dead. Price breaks jail. Betty and Carrington arrive at Belle Plain.

CHAPTER X. Belle Plain. "Now, Tom," said Betty, with a little air of excitement as she rose from the breakfast table that first morning at Belle Plain. "I want you to show me everything!" "I reckon you'll notice some changes," remarked Tom. He led her from the room and down the hall a step or two in advance of her. On the wide porch Betty paused, breathing deep. The house stood on an eminence; directly before it at the bottom of the slight descent was a small bayou, beyond this the forest stretched away in one unbroken mass to the Mississippi.

"What is it you want to see, anyhow, Betty?" Tom demanded. "Everything—the place, Tom—Belle Plain! Oh, isn't it beautiful! I had no idea how lovely it was!" cried Betty, as with her eyes still fixed on the distant panorama of wood and water she went down the steps, him at her heels—he but she'd get sick of it all soon enough, that was one comfort!

"Why, Tom! Why does the lawn look like this?" "Like what?" inquired Tom. "Why, this—all weeds and briars, and the paths overgrown?" Mr. Ware rubbed his chin reflectively with the back of his hand. "That sort of thing looked all right, Bet," he said, "but it kept five or six of the best hands out of the fields right at the busiest time of the year." "Haven't I slaves enough?" she asked.

The dull color crept into Ware's cheeks. He hated her for that! "If so she was going to come that on him, was she?" "Don't you want to see the crops, Bet?" The girl shook her head and moved swiftly down the path that led from terrace to terrace to the margin of the bayou. At the first terrace she paused.

"It's positively splendid!" cried Betty, with a little stamp of her foot. Ware glanced about with dull eyes. "I'll tell you, Betty, I'm busy this morning; you poke about and see what you want done and we'll do it," he said, and made a hasty retreat to his office. Betty returned to the porch and seating herself on the top step, with her elbows on her knees and her chin sunk in the palms of her hands, gazed about her miserably enough. She was still there when half an hour later Charley Norton galloped up the drive from the highroad. Catching sight of her on the porch, he sprang from the saddle, and, throwing his reins to a black boy, hurried to her side.

"Inspecting your domain, Betty?" he asked, as he took his place near her on the step. "Why didn't you tell me, Charley—or at least prepare me for this?" she asked, almost tearfully. "How was I to know, Betty? I haven't been here since you went away, dear—what was there to bring me? Old Tom would make a cow pasture out of the Garden of Eden, wouldn't he—a beautiful, practical, sordid soul he is!" Norton spent the day at Belle Plain; and though he was there on his good behavior as the result of an agree-

ment they had reached on board the Natchez, he proposed twice. Tom was mistaken in his supposition that Betty would soon tire of Belle Plain. She demanded men, and teams, and began on the lawns. This interested and fascinated her. She was out at sun-up to direct her laborers. She had the advantage of Charley Norton's presence and advice for the greater part of each day in the week, and Sundays he came to look over what had been accomplished, and, as Tom firmly believed, to put that little fool to fresh nonsense. He could have booted him!

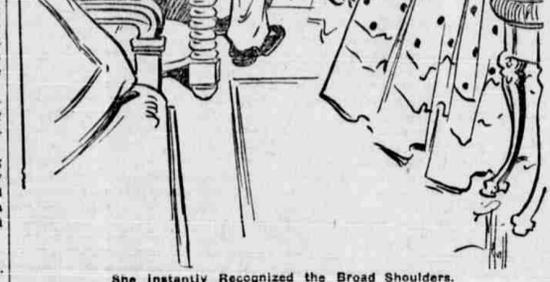
but Betty hardened her heart against him and prepared to keep him in place. "Will you sit down?" she indicated a chair. He seated himself and Betty put a safe distance between them. "Are you staying in the neighborhood, Mr. Carrington?" she asked, rather unkindly. "No, I'm not staying in the neighborhood. When I left you, I made up my mind I'd wait at New Madrid until I could come on down here and say I was sorry."

"And it's taken you all this time?" Carrington regarded her seriously. "I reckon I must have come for more time, Betty—Miss Malroy. In spite of herself, Betty glowed under the caressing humor of his tone. "Really—you must have chosen poorly then when you selected New Madrid. It couldn't have been a good place for your purpose."

"I think if I could have made up my mind to stay there long enough, it would have answered," said Carrington. "But when a down-river boat tied up there yesterday it was more than I could stand. You see there's danger in a town like New Madrid of getting too sorry. I thought we'd better discuss this point—" "Mayn't I show you Belle Plain?" asked Betty quickly. "But Carrington shook his head. "I don't care anything about that," he said. "I didn't come here to see Belle Plain."

"Then you expect to remain in the neighborhood?" "I've given up the river, and I'm going to get hold of some land." "Land?" said Betty, with a rising inflection. "Yes, land." "I thought you were a river-man?" "I'm a river-man no longer. I am going to be a planter now. But I'll tell you why, and all about it some other day." Then he held out his hand. "Good-by," he added. "Are you going?—good-by, Mr. Carrington," and Betty's fingers tingled with his masterful clasp long after he had gone.

CHAPTER XI. The Shooting-Match at Boggs'. The judge's faith in the reasonableness of mankind having received a staggering blow, there began a some-



what furtive existence for himself, for Solomon Mahaffy, and for the boy. They kept to little frequented byways, and usually it was the early hours of the morning, or the cool of late afternoons, when they took the road. A certain hot afternoon brought them into the shaded main street of a straggling village. Near the door of the principal building, a frame tavern, a man was seated, with his feet on the horse-rack. There was no other sign of human occupancy.

"How do you do, sir?" said the judge, halting before this solitary individual whom he conjectured to be the landlord. "What's the name of this bustling metropolis?" continued the judge, cocking his head on one side. As he spoke, Bruce Carrington appeared in the tavern door; pausing there, he glanced curiously at the

made his way to the belfry and with tar paper closed all exits by which the insects could escape. Then he placed four sulphur candles under the cupola and lighted them. After the candles had burned out enough dead insects were found to fill a peach basket to overflowing, and the carpenter then resumed work on the church roof. Seven Pounds of Toothache. A keeper, who was attracted the other day by trumpeting and loud roarings from the elephant cage in a menagerie at Woodbridge, England, found one of the elephants in an agony of toothache. He was unable to relieve it, and later heard a thud on the floor. It was found that the elephant had cast a tooth weighing, it is stated, about seven pounds. Trouble Forecast. "My wife says women ought to vote," said Mr. Meekton. "Well, have you any objection?" "No. But there's going to be a terrible row if the women of our community get the vote and then try to vote for anybody except her."

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What Difference Did It Make? Walking behind some colored girls, Missouri town once upon a time, a visitor overheard the following un-bushy and giggling, rich-voiced and sparkling-eyed assertion of individuality from one of them: "Yeh, she kep' me in, but I don't know inny mo' 'bout Caesar now 'n I did befo' han'. An' ef she kep' me in twel Gabriel blows his horn I wudden know an' I wudden care. What diffience it make to me whut ol' man Caesar done away yandeh befo' de waw!"—Evening Post.

Chamois Rag Enough for Two. An upper grade teacher in one of the Kansas City schools was cleaning the blackboard with a large piece of chamois. "My, but you use a large chamois!" laughingly remarked another teacher. "Yes, and it's large enough for two. Use it whenever you need it." "Oh, you don't think I have that much cheek?"

Astonishing Experience. The whale, after parting with Jonah, was gazing after his retreating form. "If any one had told me," murmured the great mammal, bitterly, "that I would find a man ready to jump down my throat, I never would have swallowed it whole." A splendid and highly recommended remedy for tired, weak, inflamed eyes, and granulated eyelids, is Paxtine Antiseptic, at druggists. See a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

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